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THE COURT OF BERLIN.

King Frederick of Prussia, grew nervous and ill
 When passing his chamber one day
 Because of the sound of a crazy old mill
 That rattled so over the way.
 "Ho, miller," cried he, "What sum shall you
 take
 In lieu of that wretched old shell?
 It angers my brain and it keeps me awake!"
 Said the miller, "I want not to sell."
 "But you must," said the King—in a passion
 for once—
 "But I won't," said the man in a heat
 "Gods! this is to say? Ye are daft or a
 dunce—
 We can raise your old mill with the street!"
 "Are, true, my good sir, if such be your mood,"
 Then answered the man with a grin;
 "But never you'll move it the tenth of a rood
 As long as a *Chur* is at Berlin."

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.
 Author of "The Count of Monte Cristo,"
 "The Three Musketeers," "Twenty
 Years After," "Brigandage,"
 "The Son of Athos," "Louis in
 Valence," "The Iron
 Mask," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE JAILER'S DUTY.

On the same evening Gryphus, as he
 brought the prisoner his mess, slipped on
 the damp flags whilst opening the door of
 the cell, and fell in the attempt to steady
 himself on his hand, but as it was turned
 the wrong way he broke his arm above
 the wrist.

Cornelius rushed forward towards the
 jailer, but Gryphus, who was not yet
 aware of the serious nature of his injury,
 called out to him,—

"It is nothing, don't you stir."
 He then tried to support himself on his
 arm, but the bone gave way; then only
 he felt the pain, and uttered a cry.

When he became aware that his arm
 was broken, this man, so harsh to others,
 fell swooning on the threshold, where he
 remained motionless and cold as if dead.

During all this time the door of the
 cell stood open, and Cornelius found
 himself almost free. But the thought
 never entered his mind of profiting by
 this accident; he had seen from the man-
 ner in which the arm was bent, and from
 the noise it made in bending, that the
 bone was fractured, and that the patient
 must be in great pain; and now he
 thought of nothing else but of administering
 relief to the sufferer, however little
 benevolent the man had shown himself
 during their short interview.

At the noise of Gryphus' fall, and at
 the cry which escaped him, a hasty step
 was heard on the staircase, and immedi-
 ately after a lovely apparition presented
 itself to the eyes of Cornelius.

It was the beautiful young Frisian, who
 seeing her father stretched on the ground,
 and the prisoner bending over him, uttered
 a faint cry, as, in the first fright, she
 thought Gryphus, whose brutality she
 well knew, had fallen in consequence
 of a struggle between him and the pris-
 oner.

Cornelius understood what was passing
 in the mind of the girl, at the very mo-
 ment when the suspicion arose in her
 heart.

But one moment told her the true state
 of the case, and, ashamed of her first
 thoughts, she cast her beautiful eyes, wet
 with tears, on the young man and said to
 him,—

"I beg your pardon and thank you,
 sir; for what I have thought, and the
 second for what you are doing."

Cornelius blushed, and said, "I am but
 doing my duty as a Christian, in helping
 my neighbor."

"Yes, and affording him your help this
 evening, you have forgotten the abuse
 which he heaped on you this morning.
 Oh, sir! this is more than humanity—
 this is indeed Christian charity."

Cornelius cast his eyes on the beautiful
 girl, quite astonished to hear from the
 mouth of one so humble such a model
 and feeling speech.

But he had no time to express his sur-
 prise. Gryphus recovered from his
 swoon, opened his eyes, and as his brutal-
 ity was returning with his senses, he
 growled,— "That's it, a fellow is in a hur-
 ry to bring to a prisoner his supper, and
 falls and breaks his arm, and is left lying
 on the ground."

"Hush, my father," said Rosa, "you are
 unjust to this gentleman, whom I found
 endeavoring to give you his aid."

"His aid?" Gryphus replied with a
 doubtful air.

"It is quite true, master; I am ready to
 help you still more."

"You!" said Gryphus, "are you a medi-
 cal man?"

"It was formerly my profession."

"Ah, you would be able to set my
 arm?"

"Perfectly."

"And what would you need to do it, let
 us hear?"

"Two splinters of wood, and some linen
 for a bandage."

"Do you hear, Rosa?" said Gryphus,
 "the prisoner is going to set my arm,
 that's a saving; come, assist me to get
 up, I feel as heavy as lead."

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., OCTOBER 20, 1875.

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Rosa lent the prisoner her shoulder;
 he put his unharmed arm around her neck,
 and making an effort, got on his legs,
 whilst Cornelius, to save him a walk,
 pushed a chair towards him.

Gryphus sat down; then, turning to-
 ward his daughter, he said,—
 "Well, didn't you, hear, go and fetch
 what is wanted."

Rosa went down, and immediately after
 returned with two staves of a small bar-
 rel and a large roll of of linen bandage.

Cornelius had made use of the inter-
 vening moments to take off the man's
 coat, and to tuck up his sleeve.

"Is this what you require, sir?" asked
 Rosa.

"Yes, Miss," answered Cornelius, look-
 ing at the things she had brought, "yes,
 that's right. Now push this table while
 I support the arm of your father."

Rosa pushed the table Cornelius placed
 the broken arm on it, so as to make it flat,
 and with perfect skill set the bone, ad-
 justed the splinters, and fastened the ban-
 dages.

At the last touch, the jailer fainted the
 second time.

"Go and fetch vinegar, Miss," said
 Cornelius; "we will bathe his temples,
 and he will recover."

But, instead of acting up to the doctor's
 prescription, Rosa, after having assured
 herself that her father was still uncon-
 scious, approached Cornelius and said,—

"Service for service, sir."

"What do you mean, my dear?" said
 Cornelius.

"I mean to say, sir, that the judge who
 is to examine you to-morrow has inquired
 to-day for the room in which you
 are confined, and, on being told that you
 were occupying the cell of Myneer Corne-
 lius De Witt, laughed in a very strange
 and very disagreeable manner, which
 makes me fear no good awaits you."

"But, asked Cornelius, 'what harm
 can they do to me?'"

"Look at that gibbet!"

"But I am not guilty," said Cornelius.

"Were they guilty whom you see down
 there? gibbeted, mangled and torn to
 pieces?"

"That's true," said Cornelius, gravely.

"And besides," continued Rosa, "the
 people want to find you guilty, your trial
 begins to-morrow, and the day after you
 will be condemned. Matters are settled
 very quickly in these times."

"Well what do you conclude from all
 this?"

"I conclude that I am alone, that I am
 weak, that my father is lying in a swoon
 that the dog is muzzled, and that conse-
 quently there is nothing to prevent your
 making your escape. Fly, then, that's
 what I mean."

"What say you?"

"I say that I was not able to save
 Myneer Cornelius or Myneer John De
 Witt, and that I would like to save you
 only be quick; there, my father is regain-
 ing his breath, one minute more, and he
 will open his eyes and it will be too late.
 Do you hesitate?"

In fact, he stood immovable, look-
 ing at Rosa, yet looking at her as if he
 did not hear her.

"Don't you understand me?" said the
 young girl, with some impatience.

"Yes, I do," said Cornelius, but—

"But?"

"I will not; they would accuse you."

"Never mind," said Rosa, blushing.

"Never mind that."

"You are very good, my dear child,"
 replied Cornelius, "but I stay."

"You stay, oh, sir! Don't you under-
 stand that you will be condemned to
 death, executed on the scaffold, perhaps,
 assassinated and torn to pieces, just like
 Myneer John and Cornelius. For
 heaven's sake don't think of me, but fly
 from this place. Take care, it bears ill
 luck to the De Witts!"

"Hulloa!" cried the jailer, recovering
 his senses, "who is talking of those rogues,
 those wretches, those villains, the De
 Witts?"

"Don't be angry my good man," said
 Cornelius, with his good tempered smile,
 "the worst thing for a fracture is excite-
 ment, by which the blood is heated."

Thereupon, he said in an undertone to
 Rosa: "My child, I am innocent, and I
 shall await my trial with tranquillity and
 an easy mind."

"Hush," said Rosa.

"Why hush?"

"My father must not suppose that we
 have been talking to each other."

"What harm would that do?"

"What harm? He would never allow
 me to come here any more," said Rosa.

Cornelius received this innocent confi-
 dence with a smile; he felt as if a ray of
 good fortune was shining in his path.

"Now, then, what are you chattering
 there together about?" said Gryphus, ris-
 ing and supporting his right arm with his
 left.

"Nothing," said Rosa; "the doctor is
 explaining to me what diet you are to
 keep."

"Diet, diet for me? Well, my fine girl,
 I shall put you on diet too."

"On what diet, my father?"

"Never to go to the cells of the prisoners,
 and if you should happen to go, to leave
 them as soon as possible. Come, off
 with me, lead the way, and be quick."

"Nothing," said Rosa; "the doctor is
 explaining to me what diet you are to
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 and if you should happen to go, to leave
 them as soon as possible. Come, off
 with me, lead the way, and be quick."

Rosa and Cornelius exchanged glances.
 That of Rosa tried to express,—
 "There, you see?"

"That of Cornelius said,—
 "Let it be as the Lord will."
 [Continued next week.]

A SHOCKING TRAGEDY.

A Double Marriage Followed by a Double Funeral.

About five years ago William Russell,
 a farmer, living a few miles from Rose-
 ville, Penn., was left a widower with one
 child by the accidental death of his wife
 and a second child, they being thrown
 from a wagon by a runaway horse. The
 care of the farmer's house was then de-
 volved upon his daughter Harriet, aged
 sixteen years. A girl named Mary Stokes,
 about the same age, was em-
 ployed to aid in the household work.

This girl had lived in the house about
 eighteen months, when Miss Russell dis-
 covered that her father was paying the
 attention of a lover to the girl, and that
 a close intimacy existed between them.

Naturally shocked and indignant at this,
 the farmer's daughter dismissed the
 Stokes girl from the situation in the fam-
 ily. When Russell learned of this pro-
 ceedure he immediately brought the girl
 back, and told his daughter that she
 was to remain there as long as she chose.

The daughter thereupon left the house,
 and went to work at sewing in the neigh-
 borhood. The affair created great scanda-
 lums in the rural social circles. Mary
 Stokes finally left Russell's and returned
 home. A few days afterward Miss Rus-
 sell resumed her old position in her father's
 house, and the scandal soon ceased to be
 the subject of gossip.

MISS RUSSELL'S LOVER.

Living in this village was a highly re-
 spected young carpenter named Horton
 Hurst. His father owned a farm adjoin-
 ing that of Russell's. Some years ago a
 difficulty arose between the two farmers
 about the proper location of a line fence.
 A long, bitter, and expensive law suit
 followed. Farmer Hurst was finally suc-
 cessful in the suit, and died two years ago.

Russell hated the name of Hurst, and
 when, some three years since, he made
 the discovery that his daughter and the
 son of his old enemy had formed an at-
 tachment for each other, and were actu-
 ally engaged to be married, he threatened
 to disown Harriet if she did not at once
 renounce the idea of wedding young
 Hurst. She made the sacrifice in obedi-
 ence to her parent. When she left home
 on account of the difference with her
 father and Mary Stokes, she and her old
 lover met again, and renewed their vows
 that had been broken. This did not come
 to the ear of her father until some months
 after he returned home. He then reiter-
 ated his displeasure at her choice, and
 declared that she should never take the
 name of Hurst so long as he lived.

THE TWO WEDDINGS.

About three months ago Russell as-
 sisted his daughter by telling her that he
 intended to soon marry the girl Mary
 Stokes, and bring her back to the farm
 house. Harriet was firm in her opposi-
 tion to the old man's folly, as she termed
 it, and assured him that when he brought
 his wife home he would find his daughter
 gone from the house, never to return.

Not long ago Russell made known to
 his daughter that he was to be married
 on the following Friday. She made no
 reply, but went to work at once in per-
 fecting arrangements that had been pend-
 ing between herself and Hurst for several
 weeks, in view of the marriage of her
 father. Friday morning the old farmer,
 first telling Harriet that he would return
 with his wife in the afternoon, drove
 away toward the home of Mary Stokes.

The daughter placed the house in readi-
 ness for the return of her father, and
 about noon started for Roseville. She
 left behind her, on the bureau in her
 room, the following letter, addressed to
 her father:

"DEAR FATHER—I have always tried to
 be a dutiful daughter to you, but the act
 that you intend to do to-day is more than
 I can submit to. As I have more than
 once told you, you choose a companion
 above me. I hope she will be as true to
 you as I have been, and that you will
 both be very happy. Do not think I am
 writing this with a light heart, although
 in leaving the home of my childhood I
 go to find a home with one I have long
 loved, and whose wife I expect to be in a
 few hours. Good-bye you, father, and
 good-bye. Your once loved daughter,
 Harriet."

On reaching this village, Miss Russell
 was met by Horton Hurst. They pro-
 ceeded to the house of Mrs. William
 Filley, a sister of Hurst's and about 3
 o'clock in the afternoon were married at
 the Methodist church. Afterward they
 went, in company with Mrs. Filley, and
 a young gentleman, a friend of Hurst's,
 to the village, where it had been arranged
 to take dinner. They were nearly
 through the repast, which had been very
 like a wedding feast, when the door of
 the dining-room was burst in and Fath-
 er Russell, pale with rage and a singular
 glitter in his eye, sprang into the apart-
 ment. His daughter arose hastily and
 ran toward him with outstretched arms,
 but he threw her aside, and sprang upon
 her husband.

THE TRAGEDY.

"You—d—d scoundrel!" he exclaimed.
 "You set my daughter up to leave her
 home."

He grasped Hurst by the throat, but
 the young man threw him off and com-
 menced backing toward the door. Rus-
 sell seized a knife from the table, and get-
 ting between Hurst and the door attempt-
 ed to stab the young man. Hurst re-
 ceived the thrust in his arm, and seeing
 that the old man was bent on murder,
 drew a revolver and warned him to stand
 back. Russell did not heed the warning,
 and continued to make deadly lunges
 with the knife. Hurst received many of
 these in his arm and shoulder. Hurst's
 sister escaped from the room during the
 melee, and the young men present
 seemed to be paralyzed with terror. At
 last Hurst pushed his assailant back from
 him and leveled the pistol at him. His
 wife at this instant sprang between
 the men just as her husband's pistol was
 discharged. The ball entered her brain,
 and she fell to the floor and expired with-
 out saying a word. The report of the
 pistol brought a number of persons into
 the room. Hurst had fallen on his knees
 beside his wife's body, and after several
 times frantically appealing to her by
 name to look up and speak to him, he
 rose to his feet, and before a hand could
 be extended to prevent him, shot himself
 through the head, and he fell dead by the
 side of his wife. Russell seemed stricken
 dumb by the fearful scene; and was led
 from the room like a child.

As soon as the excitement that followed
 the news of the tragedy could be some-
 what allayed, the bodies of the young
 couples were removed to the residence of
 Mr. Filley, followed by hundreds of peo-
 ple. In the evening an inquest was held
 by a justice of the peace. Russell was
 arrested and held in \$2,000 to await the
 action of the grand jury. A verdict that
 Mrs. Harriet R. Hurst met her death by
 the accidental discharge of a pistol, and
 that Horton Hurst came to his death by
 his own hand while temporarily insane,
 was rendered.—*New York Sun.*

Spend Your Money at Home.

An exchange gives the following ten
 reasons why people should spend their
 money at home. They are so forcible
 and well put that we cannot refrain from
 presenting them to our readers, hoping
 that they will give them the consideration
 which they deserve:

1st. It is your home; you can not im-
 prove it much by taking money away to
 spend or invest.

2d. There is no way of improving a
 place so much as by encouraging good
 merchants, good schools and good peo-
 ple to settle among you; and this can not
 be done unless you spend your money at
 home.

3d. Spend your money at home, be-
 cause there's where you generally get it;
 it is your duty.

4th. Spend your money at home, be-
 cause when it is necessary for you to get
 credit, it is of your town merchants you
 have generally to get it, and they must
 wait for the money; therefore, when you
 have the cash in hand, spend it at home.

5th. Spend your money at home. It
 will make better merchants of your mer-
 chants; the can and will keep better as-
 sortments and sell at lower rates than if
 the only business they can do is what is
 credited out, while the money goes to
 other places.

6th. Spend your money at home. You
 may have sons growing up who will
 some day be the best merchants in the
 town; help lay the foundations of them
 now; it is a duty it may be your pride in
 after years to say, "By my trading at
 the store I got my son a position as clerk;
 and now he is proprietor."—Then you
 will think it hard if your neighbors spend
 their money out of town. Set the exam-
 ple now.

7th. Spend your money at home.—
 Set the example now. Buy your dry
 goods, groceries, meats and everything at
 home, and you will see a wonderful change
 in a short time in the business outlook of
 the place; therefore deal with your mer-
 chants.

8th. Spend your money at home.—
 What do you gain by going off? Count
 the cost; see what you could have done
 at home by letting your merchants have
 the cash. Strike a balance and see if
 you would not have been just as well off,
 besides helping your merchant.

9th. Spend your money at home, your
 merchants are your neighbors, your
 friends; they stand by you in sickness—
 are your associates; without your trade
 they cannot keep up their business. No
 stores, then no banks, no one wanting to
 buy property to settle on and build up
 your place.

10th. Merchants should do their ad-
 vertising at home. They should get their
 bill-heads, circulars, cards, letter-heads
 and all their printing at home of their
 own newspapers, who aid them in many
 ways, and advertise them hundreds of
 times without any pay whatever. Mer-
 chants should set an example to their
 customers by patronizing liberally their
 home newspapers. Men and women are
 imitative animals and are prone to follow
 examples set them. How can merchants
 expect their neighbors to trade with them
 if they set the example of going away
 from home for their printing and adver-
 tising? Let merchants and people all
 patronize home enterprise, and home in-
 dustry and home trade. So shall they all
 be prosperous and happy.

Shoot the Man.

The Detroit Free Press has the follow-
 ing good story:

Yesterday evening a small man with
 nervous look called at the Central Sta-
 tion, and after some hesitation remarked:
 "I vvents to know if somebody can
 shoot me?"

"What do you mean?" inquired the
 surprised captain.

"I gnan't speak good English, but I
 don't some dings around here like," was
 the reply.

"If I can help you I will; go ahead
 with your story," said the sergeant.

"Vhell, one day when I goes up Shef-
 erson avenue mit my wife, Susan, a poy
 on the corner yelled out: 'Shoot dot man!'
 I drembles all over, and Susan was shust
 as white as milk."

"And did anybody shoot at you?"
 "Neine, I see no gun; der poy had no
 pistol. Nix understandt about dis pees-
 ness."

The sergeant grinned a little and the
 visitor continued:

"Last week when I was Bates street up
 mit my dog a man stands on der corner
 gries out: 'Oh! ho! shoot der dog!'
 Was dat right? Ish dere some more dog
 license? Can de police shoot my leedle
 dog when dere ish no law?"

"I guess he was joking."

"Can a man shoken on such dings as
 dose? Ich denke nich. When I was by
 Glinton street last Sunday mit a horse
 and buggy somebody at my vife says:
 'Shoot dot fat woman mit der dollar
 shure shewelry off! I see no shokes
 about dot. I likes to know why mein
 vife shall be in der streets of Detroit like
 some dogs kille?'"

"This 'shoot' is used by the boys as a
 slang expression," explained the sergeant.
 They then went to—

"And when I stands by mein door last
 night," interrupted the visitor, "some
 loaves go py on der oder side, and one
 yell out like dander: 'Sh-o-o-t dot leedle
 Dutchman mit a bite! I shumped away